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Judge

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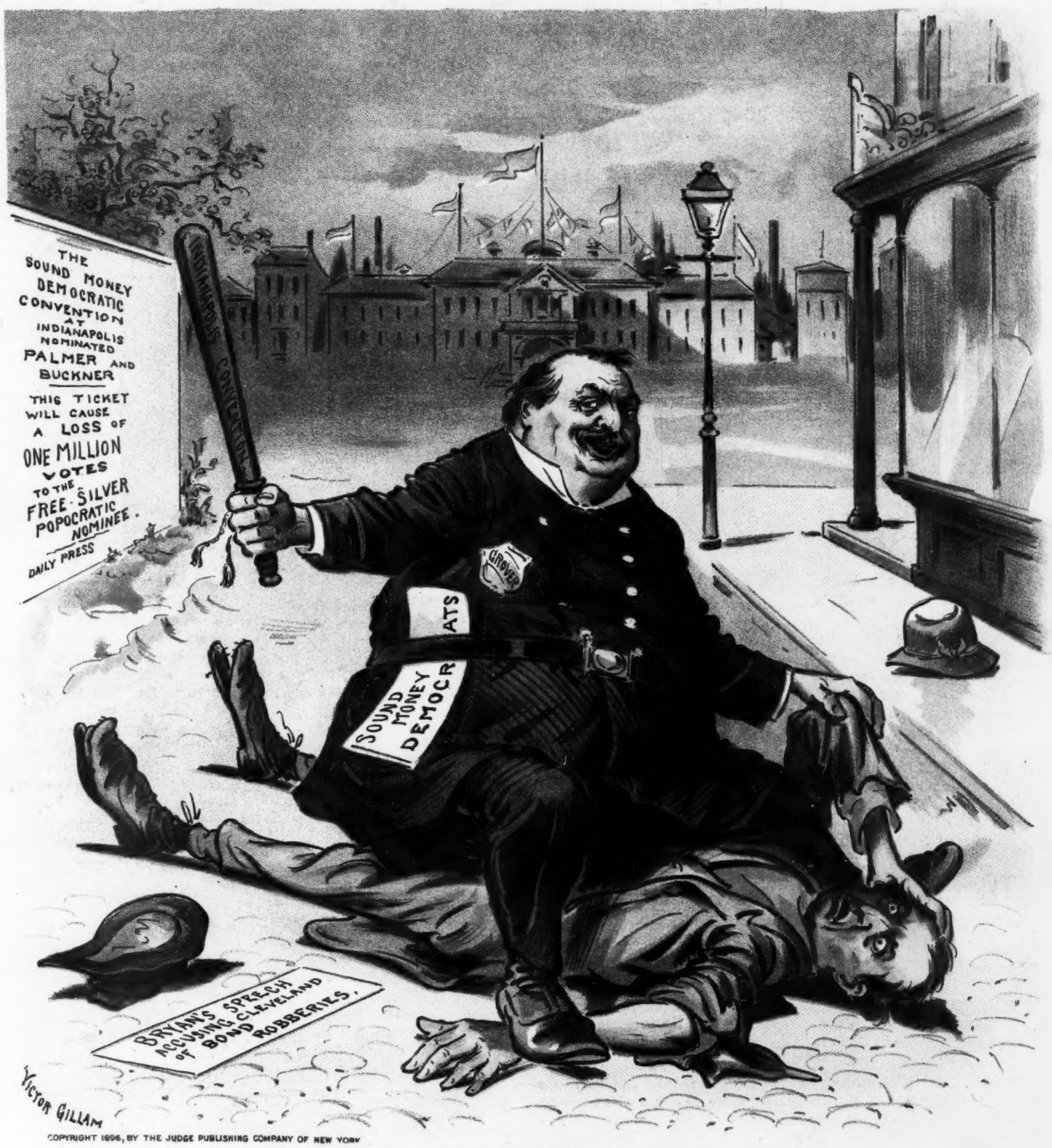

DISORDERLY.

The only good act of the Cleveland administration.

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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MR. CHANG needs exercise, and he ought to take it himself.

* * *

MR. HILL has got off the fence for the purpose of crawling under it.

* * *

AN EXCHANGE speaks of a reclaimed tramp. So he is dead, is he?

* * *

THE AFFAIR at Buffalo was a Democratic convention with the Democrats left out.

* * *

SENATOR HILL reminds one of those Democrats who contemplated coming out for the union after the war was over.

* * *

THE LIFE OF THE SULTAN is the great crime of the century, and the nations of Europe are the great assassins.

* * *

THE BABE who went through the seven stages of life in eight months and then died must have been another boy orator.

* * *

MR. SEWALL was heard to remark, directly after Maine had spoken, "That was not only thunder, but lightning—I felt it myself."

* * *

THE BEE in Thomas Watson's bonnet has a large and persistent buzz. So much noise never came from so small an object before.

* * *

"MR. BRYAN," says the Albany *Argus*, "is talking too much." But let us remember that for the most part he doesn't say anything.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATS at Saratoga indorsed sound money, and the Democrats at Buffalo indorsed free silver. The party is running against itself and is dreadfully in earnest.

* * *

TOM WATSON was recently mentioned by a populist admirer as the new Messiah, and the man said he spoke the words with reverence. Perhaps he thought he did, poor fellow!

* * *

BRITISH GUNPOWDER in Turkey would have saved tens of thousands of Christian lives. In Zanzibar it results merely in giving Great Britain possession where it assumed merely a protectorate. But Zanzibar was easier to whip.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

MRS. FARMER—"If you'll saw that wood I'll give you a meal."
WEARY WILLIE—"I would, lady; but it would t'row half de joke-writers uv de United States out uv a job if us fellers made a practice uv doin' dat."

THE NEBRASKA CYCLONE.

"HE IS A YOUNG FELLOW of thirty-six distinguished for his wind power," said the Rochester *Union* of Mr. Bryan before that young man was nominated. And the *Union* is consistent, because, though it puts up the ticket, it is industriously damning it with faint praise.

THE BRYAN-ALTGELD PARTY HERE.

SENATOR MURPHY, whose friend Bat Shea was executed at Dannemora, and John C. Sheehan, who left Buffalo under a large black cloud, are the leaders of the so-called Democracy of this state, and the voters of the party are confined mostly to Tammany hall. Naturally the party is in sympathy with Bryan, free silver and repudiation, and naturally every honest Democrat is out of it.

A NEW DANGER.

THE MARRIAGE of Colonel Patty Watkins of Mr. Booth's religious army to her typewriter suggests the inquiry whether the new woman is going too fast. Are we to witness a new typewriting craze with the positions of the sexes reversed? Is the young man who works the typewriter for a living to be subjected to annoyances at the hands of his new-woman employer? We had hoped for better things on the part of Colonel Watkins.

THE SUICIDES.

A DOLLAR IN GOLD for fifty-three cents in silver would make all silver-mine owners and most nations rich at the expense of our pauperism. Colonel Ingersoll argues for the right of suicide, but he wouldn't indorse such idiotic self-destruction as that. It's a mighty poor captain who scuttles his own ship; but if that must be done let him be fair enough to first haul down the flag of a nation and put up the skull and cross-bones.

WITHIN FORTY YEARS.

THE BEST BLOOD of the Democratic party went into the Republican organization at its formation in 1856, and later in 1860, and remained there. Is history about to repeat itself? Forty years have gone by, and the Democratic party as represented by the Chicago ticket is in the hands of the enemies of the republic. It represents repudiation, disloyalty to federal authority, the rights of states against those of the union, and, in a word, anarchy and chaos. And now as then the best blood of the party is against the party.

THE STATE ABOVE THE NATION.

THE POPOCRATS have so much love for the state that they give the nation nothing but contempt. The general government must not meddle with the strikes of a state except at the request of the state's governor, though he be an anarchist; and the United States supreme court must have no right of authority which a state is bound to respect. Under their rule, as Attorney-general Harmon suggests, Jefferson Davis and his confederates would have had their own way, and by this time there wouldn't have been a general government at all.

THE FOOL IN POLITICS.

A LEADING POPULIST hopes that when Mr. Bryan gets into the white-house he will hang half the brokers of Wall street. Of course, a man who talks like that is a fool; but there is such a hullabaloo of such a large number of fools that such utterances have ceased to create astonishment. And that is a very startling fact, for there is a faint apprehension that possibly the fools' candidates will be elected. Probably Bryan wouldn't try to hang anybody, having some regard for his own existence; but think of being controlled by a party made up of such material.

A RESISTLESS TEMPTATION.

ETHEL—"Whatever induced her to marry a prize-fighter?"
PENELOPE—"So she could wear his championship-belt with her new shirt-waist, of course."

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE AND THE DANCING-CLUB.

GEORGE an' me joined a dancin'-club last winter, but I didn't enjoy it very much. They made George floor-manager, and whenever there 's any dancin' goin' on he gets so stuck on himself! The girls make such a fool of him—flatterin' him up; an' then he comes an' brags to me about it.

Libbie Sweet an' her feller got us into it. Libbie 's a reg'lar "spieler," an' she was gettin' her fine work in dancin' with George an' leavin' that timber-toed giraffe of a beau of hers for me t' lug around; but I soon snuffed that. I walked him over t' her on th' floor one evenin' an' I says, "Miss Sweet, you better stop a hand-organ some evenin' an' dance this young man of yours aroun' th' sidewalk a while." She says, "What's th' matter with th' roof?" I says, "There wouldn't be anybody t' look at you up there; besides, you an' him do th' most of your huggin' on th' sidewalk, anyway!" This was a good wipe at her, for they're such a big fam'ly that her an' her beau sits out on th' steps mostly pleasant evenin's an' eats candy an' drinks beer out of a bottle.

One night there was nine butcher boys come up t' th' club, an' in five minutes they owned th' hall. First thing anybody knew they was dancin' with all th' pretty girls an' takin' 'em down t' supper.

George went t' th' door-keeper about it, an' he said they had come in all together an' laid down their fifty cents an' walked in. Then George went an' asked 'em t' leave, an' they wouldn't do it; said they'd paid for their hat-checks. George offered 'em their money back. No, sir! They went on swingin' th' girls an' stompin' like all persessed.

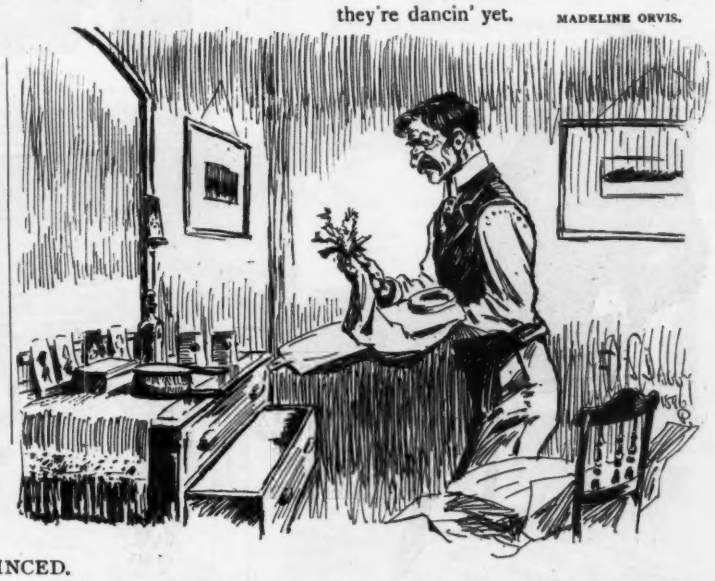
Then George tried t' get some of our boys t' turn to an' help him clean 'em out—for George ain't no coward, an' can take good care of himself in a scrap—but nobody seemed t' feel 'emselves injured. So then George an' me hit on a plan, an' while th' dancin' was goin' on we went an' whispered t' our own set, an' one at a time we slipped out an' got our hats an' wraps an' left 'em with th' door-keeper in a pile. Then George got up on th' platform an', knockin' for order, told th' "guests of th' evenin'," as he called 'em, that if they wanted t hire that hall with musicians an' lights they could have it for eighteen dollars. (We paid fifteen.) This tickled th' butcher boys most t' death, an' in less 'n half a minute they put up th' money. Then th' music started up an' we all took our places for th' dance. George was dancin' with me this time, an' when we got well under way he stomped his foot, an' every one of us made a break for th' door, grabbed our things an' run, leavin' th' butcher boys dancin' there. Maybe they're dancin' yet.

MADELINE ORVIS.

A TERRIBLE REALISM.

WILLIE NEVERWASHT (*with a shriek*)—"Jee-roo-salem! Will dis never stop? Sum day I actooly t'ink I'll have ter use soap meself. B-r-r-rr!! It'll drive me mad!"

"Stop yer chewin' dat shirt an' clar out o' dar."



CONVINCED.

HICKS (*when the shirt came home*)—"I've had a suspicion for some time that my washer-woman uses something that eats the clothing, and now I'm sure of it."

Photo. by Davis & Sandford,

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

NELLIE MELBA.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
And Art is as a royal crown,
Blazoned with fame, that Genius sets
On beauty's tresses, streaming down.
Beauty, and heart, and art are thine—
And genius, in that voice divine.

MUSHROOMS ON THE LAWN.

Little boy (excitedly)—"Oh, mamma, mamma, do look here! The fairies have been putting up their tents and tables all over our lawn! (In a whisper.) Mamma, I guess they're going to have a party!"

NOT ON TIME.

A HALF-DEAD and half-living existence
Is led by a man in this town;
For since he keeps not his engagements
He's always "the late Mr. Brown."

SCIENCE APPLIED.

She—"My teacher in cooking says that 'whatsoever a man eateth, that shall he also be.'"

He—"Great heavens, Maria! Is that the reason you've been feeding me on angel-food for a week?"

DEAR LITTLE WOMAN.

AUNT JANE was a gossip. We knew that well enough, but we were a little surprised one day when Margie, who had just been clad in a new dress, announced her intention of visiting the lady.

"Why do you wish to see Aunt Jane, dear?" asked mamma.

"Oh, tause I's dot a new dwess."

"I don't think Aunt Jane cares," said mamma.

"Yeth, but I want her t' thee it, tause zen ev'ybody 'll know I's dot it!"

EXTRAVAGANT.

Nicker—"I see that old Cashget was buried with a thousand-dollar diamond in his shirt-front."

Bocker—"I always said that man had money to burn."

THE HARVEST MOON.

ACROSS the road in the field of corn
Where the diamond dew lies cold,
The yellow tassels are soft as silk,
And the ears are garnet and gold.
The slender stalks in the breezes bend
To a strange and a mystic tune,
And the long leaves whisper a tale of love
In the sheen of the harvest moon.

"Come out for a walk," said the farmer-lad
At dusk to the nut-brown lass;
"But fold thyself in thy scarlet cloak,
For chill are the winds that pass."
He led her down by the weedy beds
Where the last late lilies swoon,
And out to the field of corn that waved
In the rays of the harvest moon.

There were shadows under the roadside trees
Where the boughs were interlaced,
So she chided not when he pressed her hand,
Or circled her rounded waist.
"I've toiled for many an azure morn
And many a golden noon,
And behold the work of my strong right arm
In the gleam of the harvest moon!

"In yonder billowing mass of green
There's a red, red ear, my sweet,
Which by-and-by at the husking-bee
I'll lay at thy dainty feet.
And tell me what will thy answer be,
For the harvest cometh soon?
Do I read it right in thy starry eyes
By the beam of the harvest moon?"

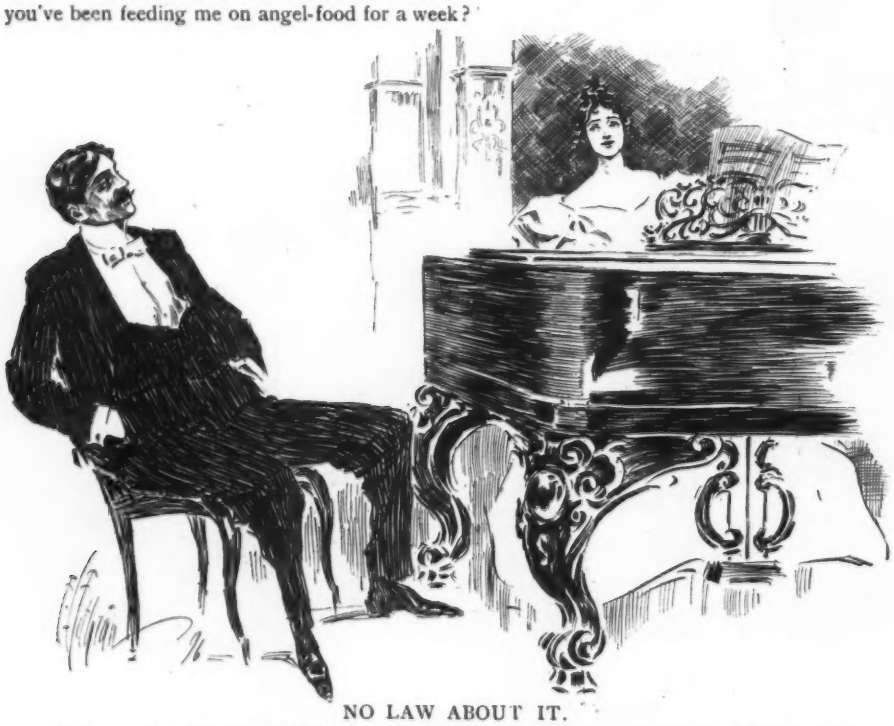
She leaned her head to his broad young breast,
And never a word spoke she,
But the bells of the bridal morn will ring
Ere the night of the husking-bee,
And merrily under the mossy stone
The little brown crickets croon,
A wedding-march to the tall green corn,
In the light of the harvest moon.

MINNA IRVING.

BLESSED REASSURANCE.

MR. FROST—"I must turn you away; I have no work for you."

RUGGED STRONG—"Bless yer, sir; bless yer."



NO LAW ABOUT IT.

ETHEL—"Do you think Uncle John's estate will be divided according to law when he dies?"
COUSIN TOM (*just admitted to the bar*)—"Not at all—I drew his will for him yesterday."

A DESCENDANT.

After much study, a celebrated scientist has determined that according to the laws of physiology the above will closely represent a descendant of bicycling parents. The great development of the muscles of the jaw is due to persistent ancestral gum-chewing.

AVAILABLE EITHER WAY.

HELEN—"He is extremely reticent about his family."

HER BROTHER—"Hum—must be a good man of bad family or a bad man of good family. You had best encourage him."

ECHOES.

ALONE in the dusk I can hear a replying,
When low swings the bat and the white owl is flying.
All day 'tis a laugh my love gives to my sighing;
Alone in the dusk I can hear a replying. J. B. E.

COULDN'T RETURN WITHOUT THEM.

Father—"I had no idea your summer trip would cost so much."

Daughter—"What could you expect? You sent me to a wilderness, so I was obliged to buy my own engagement-rings."

AGAINST HIS CONVICTIONS.

Citizen—"There's plenty of work for an able-bodied man to do. Why don't you apply for position as a sandwich-man?"

Tramp—"It's agin me convictions. De newspaper is de on'y advertisin' medium."

GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

"ON WHAT ground does Mr. Ricketts base his application for divorce?"

"His wife insisted upon his lacing up her bicycle leggings."

MODESTY

"GENERAL," said the spokesman of the bevy of ladies who had just been introduced to the distinguished military man, "we consider it a great honor to meet one who did so much for his country in the great rebellion."

"Ladies," the general bowed, "what I did was nothing. I—er—was but a very small patch on the seat of the war."

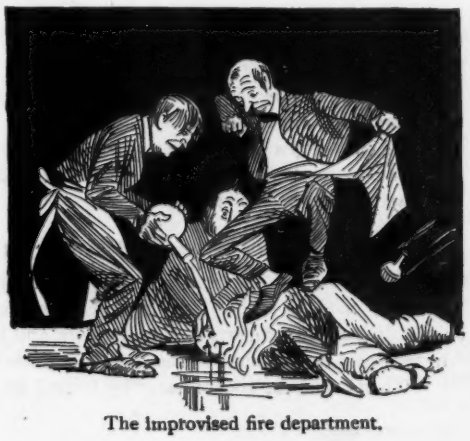
SAVING.

PAT—"Phwat are yez lookin' fer, Moike?"

MIKE (*lighting the third match*)—"Shure, Oi dhropped a match here, an' it's thot hard toimes are Oi cudn't dhrop wan av thim widout shtoppin' t' hunt fer it."

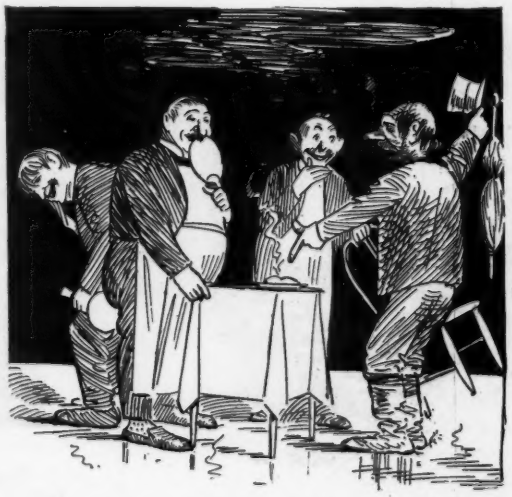
Jehu Barker of Plug Crossing orders his first rum-omelet.

The conflagration.

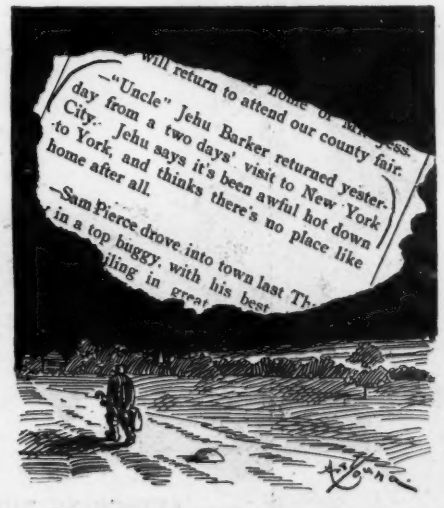


The improvised fire department.

A twenty-six-years' growth of whiskers gone up in smoke.



"Say, you smart Aleck! you kin have this here hell-fire an' brimstone. I'm goin' t' git out o' here pretty darn quick."



A local item from the Plug Crossing *Advocate* the next morning.

THE COLONEL'S TREAT.

(A military tea.)

THE colonel 's going to give a tea—
A five-o'clock.
The scene, his place beside the sea
At Mossy Rock.
This function with his guests will take,
For girls in gowns of fetching make
Are barred, likewise soft drinks and cake,
At Mossy Rock.

The colonel's hand will make the tea
At Mossy Rock,
Upon the lawn beneath a tree
At Mossy Rock.
A pot of strong Oolong he'll brew,
A napkin then he'll strain it through;
And this the colonel 's going to do
At Mossy Rock:

To every cup the colonel pours
At Mossy Rock,
In cooling breezes out of doors
At Mossy Rock,
He'll add some ice, some lemon-juice,
Some sugar, then some green chartreuse,
A horn of rum. They'll play the deuce
At Mossy Rock.

CHARLES SUMNER CLARK.

THE TWO SIDES OF IT.

Pessimist—"Some men have a mighty hard time in this world, I think. Now here I am. I've been married fifteen years and have seven children to take care of."

Optimist—"Aw, what's the matter with you? Just think how much worse it would be if you had been married seven years and had fifteen children."

IN AUTUMN.

THROUGH all the woodland, leaf-embowered,
Floats fair October's sun-warm dream—
A scarlet ribbon, yellow-flowered,
Entwined in sky and spray and stream.
All bright, all still, save where one hears
Shy zephyrs gliding to and fro,
With auguries of grief and tears
And presciences of sleep and snow.

CLARENCE URMY.

TO USE EXTERNALLY.

Customer—"I want ten cents' worth of zinc for my sister."

Drug-clerk—"What kind of zinc? There are about forty kinds. What does your sister want to use it for?"

Customer—"I don't know the kind. She said I must not tell what she wanted it for."

Drug-clerk—"Was it oxide of zinc she wanted?"

Customer—"Yes, that's it—outside of zinc to put on her face."

THE ANTIDOTE.

"I'M VERY fond of watermelon," remarked Mr. Gummey, "but it always gives me the stomach-ache."

"You just wait until my idea is perfected," replied Mr. Glanders, "and then you can eat watermelon with impunity."

"What is your idea?"

"To graft the watermelon-vine on the root of the Jamaica-ginger plant."

POKER.

A case where three of a kind don't beat two pairs.

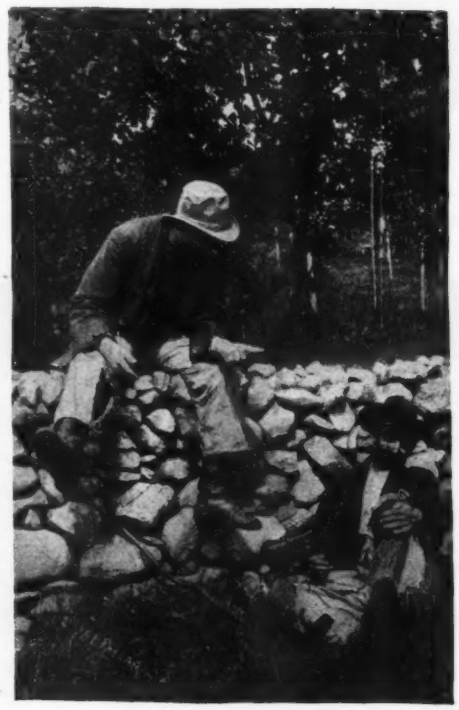
A PERMANENT EQUALITY.

FIFTY years ago a shoemaker sat pegging away and talking to some idle men gathered around him. Said he, "Now the laws are all wrong. I would make a law that all the rich men should divide their property among the poor and let us all start equal." One of the listeners said, "In ten years there would be the same difference that there is now."

"Then," said the shoemaker, "by hokey! let 'em divide again."

ATTACHING THE BLAME.

WEARY JAKE (*who has received the thrown mail-pouch in the ear, angrily*)—"Dis'll learn me not ter do enny more restin' near a jerkwater post-offis station."



THE SIMILITUDE.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Ah, Bill, de autumn-leaves remind me uv de boltin' Democrats."

WEARY WILLIE—"'Cause dey're froze out?"

FLOWERY FIELDS—"No; 'cause dey're turnin' gold an' comin' down gracefully."

A SAD STATE OF THINGS.

AN OYSTER climbed upon a pole
To rest his weary bones;
A robin built his pretty nest
Upon a pile of stones;
The elephant danced a highland fling
On the bough of an apple-tree,
And such a mixed-up state of affairs
No one ever before did see!
For a wee little mouse ate up the cat;
The horse drove the man to town;
The pigs played tag on the kitchen-floor;
The ducks slid down on the cellar-door;
The turkeys laughed till they could laugh no more,
And the world seemed upside-down.

MARIE FLAACKE.

THE CORRECT ANSWER.

"SO YOU have captured the moonshiners," said the chief to his lieutenant. "Good enough! How did you happen to be so successful?"

"Well, sir, we went on a still hunt," replied the lieutenant, who dearly loved a merry jest.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

JOHNNIE (*reading*)—"'Three little children were out in a boat on Sunday, when it was struck by lightning and two were killed.'"
HIS GRANDMOTHER (*solemnly*)—"Ah, Johnnie, I hope you see the moral to that."
JOHNNIE—"Yes'm. It says they were crossing the river on the way to Sunday-school when struck."

THE FISHERMAN'S LUCK.
1. THE FLAMINGO—"Here's a cinch!"

2 'RASTUS—"He's hooked! he's hooked!"

NAILED.

MR. JOHNSON (*reading*)—"Heah's a man got terribly burned, an' his wife allowed de doctahs toe take two square foot ob skin off ob her an' put it on her husban'."
MRS. JOHNSON—"Whad she do dat fo'?"
MR. JOHNSON—"Toe sabe his life."
MRS. JOHNSON—"On'y jes' married, I s'pose?"
MR. JOHNSON—"No; bin married five yeahs."
MRS. JOHNSON—"Lawd! how dem reportahs kin lie."

THE HOBO'S PARADISE.

Ram Ramble—"Wot I'd like ter see is de railroads wid newmatic tires, so a feller cud travel widout gittin' de rumpety-bumps. It ain't aristercratic ter have yer jissard joltid inter yer skylight. Den when I strikes a burg I'd like ter be writ up in de noospapers an' have me pedigree put before de public eye. Den I'd like ter be a prophert, so I cud tell w'ere de next poke-out wuz waitin' fer me, so we cud git togedder at de earlies' opportoonity. Den I'd have all de water-tanks along de route filled wid Java an' de coal-bunks wid punk, an' I'd have mooshilage poured along de track, so de gravel wudn't connect wid yer wisage w'en yer bummin' de trucks er de rods. Den I'd like ter have de faclety uv inwisibility (I foun' dat in de ditchinnery), so I cud sit in de caboose wid de brakies an' git second frum deir pipes widout bein' tol' ter 'hit de grit.' An' den, fer de las' t'ing ter make me pairadice complete, I'd like ter see de legislater give all de worn-out beaus a pension an' approperate money fer a home fer de agid bums. Dat's all."

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

TRUE.

"WORRY," says Davie the wise, "is jus' a lot o' thinks a feller can't stop."

RAPID PROGRESS.

"SO YOU think Miss Lakefront is up to snuff, eh?"

"Well, rather."

"She must have made rapid strides, then, for when I knew her she was only up to cigarettes."

SENT BELOW.

HE WHEELED with little fear or doubt
Up to Saint Peter's porch,
But there the good man knocked him out
By dooming him to scorch.

DIDN'T WANT TO LISTEN.

Bagley—"Hello, Bailey! You're the very man I want to see. I want to tell you all about my domestic troubles."

Bailey—"Thank you, Bagley; but I wish you'd wait until some day next week, when I shall be busier than I am today."

3 THE FLAMINGO—"So he is, son. Thanks!"

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IT IS THE BIG H

AND NOT THE GOLDBUGS, THAT ARE

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

BIG HUMBUGS,

S, THAT ARE BOTHERING OUR FARMERS.

REVEREND MOAKLEY MCKOON ON FINANCE.

REVEREND McKOON, as he hurried down street and turned a corner, found himself in the centre of a howling mass of his parishioners talking on the silver question. "Niggah," "brack rascal," and so on up to "colored corrugated consumptive" and "dingbusted driveler," were a few of the names he listened to. The pastor hurled himself into the midst of the debate as follows:

"Youalls ef yo' had fo'teen coppah cents an' a tin box an' a charter would be qualerfied ter run a bank. De monetary league ob de worl' would jes' erbout fit yo' across de small ob de back. What yo' want is ter git on a parity wid a bump on er log. A free coinage ob brains would salubricate dis crowd so dat yo' could take er summah squash ter a mint an' git a new think-box fer it. Oh, I knows yo' frum de back. Yo' want ter git yo' pomposity an' bullheadedness demonetized an' come undah de single standard ob common sense. Yo' heah me, Abum Garfeel Fitz Greene Smiff? When I come up yo' was disco'sin' erbout de quantity ob money per capita. Duz yo', oh, duz yo' know what per capita means? It means 'by de head.' Now, yo' see dis amberill in my han'; well, ef yo' doan' scoot aroun' dat corner in fo' seconds I gib yo' dat amberill erbout four hundred per capita."

In two seconds there was only a yellow cloud of dust to be seen, out of which the Reverend Moakley McKoon emerged with a triumphant smile upon his face, and he turned into the corner grocery to get a codfish.

A. T. WORDEN.

A PLAIN CASE.

"Yes, sir; the diagnosis of your case is perfectly plain. You have acute Saddlesetis and Pedaldria, complicated with Handlebaragia."

SAMBO'S HEREDITY.

"SAMBO, you stole a watermelon
Last night, from my back yard.
The punishment for such a felon
Should be severe and hard."
"Indeed I's berry sorry, berry,
But I is not to blame;
My stealun is hereduteray,
My granny did de same.
My granny on my mudder's side
Stole watermillions till she died"

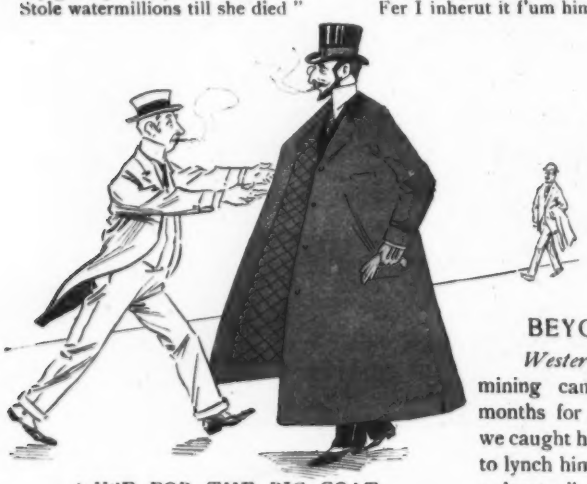
"But, Sambo, you're a noted liar—
That mare you sold to me
And said she was a famous flyer
Is slow as she can be"
"But I is not to blame fer lyin';
My fader allus lied,
An' allus kep' er falserfyin'
Until de day he died.
An' doan yo' blame me, Massa Jim,
Fer I inherut it f'um him."

"Last Thursday, Sambo, you were hired
To hoe my corn for me,
But now I learn that you were tired
And slept beneath a tree."
"Now, Massa Jim, doan' yo' git bitter,
Dat tree wuz splen'id shade—
My mudder wuz de laziest critter
De good Lawd ebber made;
So lazy she couldn' skasely stir,
An' I inherut it f'um her."

"Two rooms you whitewashed last September,
But I'm obliged to state
You charged, as you can well remember,
You charged me, sir, for eight."
"I 'fess dat wuz a dreffle cheat, sah,
But, de good Lawd be praised!
My uncle wuz de wust dead-beat, sah,
Dat Georgy ebber raised;
An' so I ain't to blame, Marse Jim,
T'ank heaven, I 'herut it f'um him."

"Ah, Sambo, you're a base deceiver,
But sometimes you are true;
You nursed my brother in his fever
And bravely pulled him through.
It was a brave, heroic action.
From what ancestor, now,
Did you inherit this transaction?"
And Sambo raised his brow:
"I'll 'fess, sah, fair an' squar' an' flat,
Dat I wuz 'sponserble fer dat."

SAM WALTER FOSS.



A USE FOR THE BIG COAT.

CHAPPIE—"By Jove, old man! heah comes my tailah. What shall I do? I owe him a bill."

BLINKAH—"Step inside my coat, my deah boy."

THE TAILOR—"I could have sworn that I saw that fellow Chappie! I must have been mistaken."

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Tourist—"Why didn't you keep that invalid gentleman through the summer that was here when I was up here last spring? He seemed to be improving."

Landlord—"Couldn't. The authorities wouldn't let me."

Tourist—"Why not?"

Landlord—"He died."

BEYOND HELP.

Westerner—"Out in our mining camp we hunted six months for a horse-thief before we caught him. When we came to lynch him he turned out to be a deacon."

Easterner—"Well, well. Not even his double life saved him."

AT LAST.

UPON her face you see no frown,
However hard you scan;
For she again is back in town
And once more sees a man

A SENSIBLE REMARK.

Aunt Geehaw—"I declare, Joshua, I hain't heerd that long-haired city dude, boardin' at the Hidgebees', say a sensible thing sence he's been here in Nitville."

Uncle Geehaw (charitably)—"Don't be tew hard on him, M'randy. He was walkin' with Sary Jane, down by the old mill, an' I heerd him say tew her, 'What a scene fer a painter!' An you know the old mill do need paint purty bad, m' dear."

A WISE SUPPOSITION.

MOSE JOHNSON—"Doahn't want to sell dat chicken-coop, does yo', 'squire?"

'SQUIRE HENNERY—"W'y, no; what would I want to sell my chicken-coop for?"

MOSE JOHNSON—"W'y, I heard yo' sold yoah dog ves'd'y, an' didn' 'spose yo'd hab much moah use foh a chicken-coop."

John Bull is the bogie man of all the little nations.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Bubbles—"My wife and I met by accident—thrown together by chance, as it were." *Wheelwoman* (eagerly)—"Did you break the bicycles?"—*Buffalo Express.*

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."
If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering. Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., 187 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"And now," said the lawyer to the actress, "having secured your divorce, it may be proper for me to allude to the fee for my services." "You had better see my manager about that." "Your manager?" "Yes; he pays all my advertising expenses."—*Washington Star.*

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic, cannot be successfully imitated in this country. Insist on having the only genuine, prepared by Dr. Siegert.

Theatrical manager—"In this scene you must assume the air of a man who has so much money that he is indifferent to wealth." *The star*—"All right. I'll try to imagine you have paid me my salary in full."—*Spare Moments.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

Li Hung Chang is reported to be worth five hundred million dollars. Let us be honest with each other, Li. Where did you get it? Did you earn it? Are the people of China glad that you have it? What are you going to do with it? Pardon our inquisitiveness, but is it in silver or gold?—*Troy Press.*

Dandruff,
Chafing, Itching,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
quickly relieved by
Packer's Tar Soap.
"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

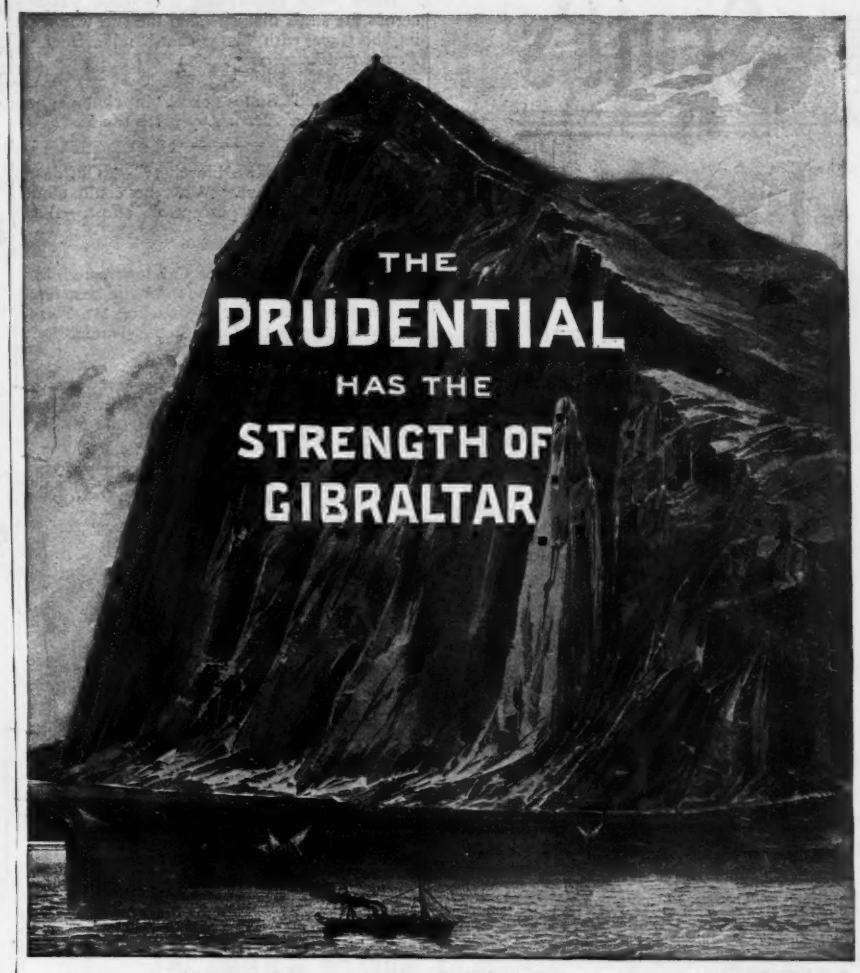
Patent applied for.
Grand Old Party Elephant.
The Sensation in Campaign Badges.
Touch the Girth and see the Winners.
GOLD-PLATED. Saddle Enameled in Red.
Sample 10 cents. 75 cts. per dozen.
McRAE & KEELER, Attleboro, Mass.

"No, sah," said the colonel; "I never go hunting, sah. It is cruelty." "But you fish, colonel. Isn't that cruel too?" "What is a fish?" asked the colonel in scornful tones. "A creature that has its existence entiahly in watah, sah."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Good Old Ale
—That's precisely what EVANS' is.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.



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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

There is just one too many of the sultan of Turkey.—*Saratogian.*

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every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the **Genuine Guyot Suspenders.** All imitations are frauds. Send 50 cents for sample pair to OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y.

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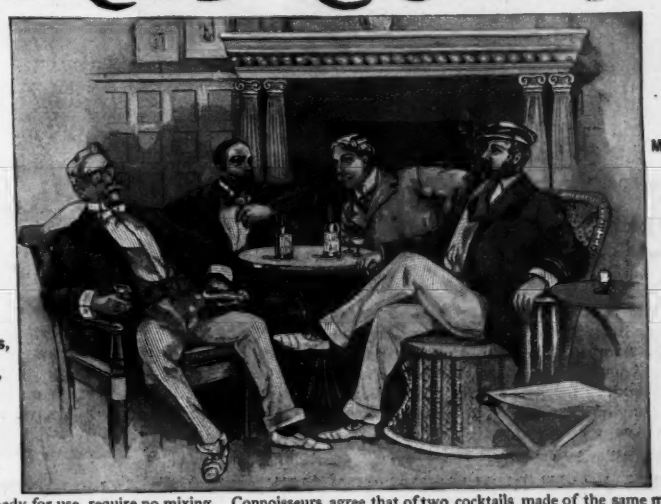
For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Seashore, or the Picnic.



Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth and York
All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.
AVOID IMITATIONS. **G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.**
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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.
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Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, **75 PORTRAITS,** Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
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Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites *supplies the blood* with the material the bones and tissues need in an exhausted and wasted body that no other food will supply. It is, first of all, *a tissue builder*.

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

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"Hear dem bells a ringing, dey's ringing everywhere."

The Chimes of Normandy could not excel in sweetness and purity of tone

THE **New Departure** BICYCLE BELLS

The standard of excellence the wide world over. In 16 different styles and prices. All dealers sell them.

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"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, no; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort.—*New York Telegram.*

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New shades in plain-faced Cloths,
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New designs and weaves in fancy
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Bulow gave Wagner his wife, saying, "Master, I am proud to think I have something worthy of your acceptance."

We have something worthy of your acceptance—a handsome "Bay State" Mandolin, perfect in tone and perfect in workmanship, for the extremely low price of

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Catalogue FREE.

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THE VICARESS—"Oh, no, thanks! I would much rather go to sleep."

—*Punch.*

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"Name on Every Piece."

The crowning triumph of confectioner's art.

Sample Package, 10c. in Stamps.

If you wish a pound or more, and your dealer will not supply you, we will send, on receipt of price, 1-pound box, 60c.; 2-pound box, $1.20; 3-pound box, $1.80; 5-pound box, $3. Delivered free in United States.

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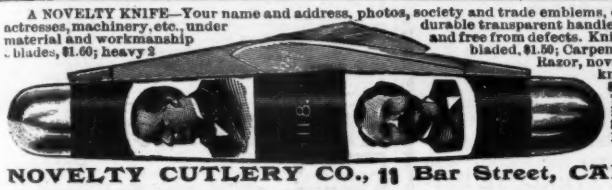
"And did she say 'This is so sudden' when you proposed?" "No; I said it myself. I wasn't expecting it to be accepted at all."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



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BROWN—"Why doesn't Walker stop to speak? Thought he knew you."
SMITH—"Used to; but I introduced him to the girl he married. Neither of them recognizes me now."

—*Punch.*

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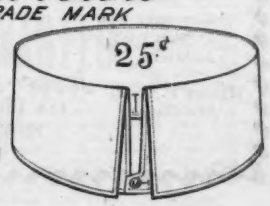

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Denver, Colorado Springs, and Manitou, Colorado; Salt Lake City, Garfield Beach, and Utah Hot-springs, Utah; Soda Springs, Hailey, Shoshone Falls, and Boise City, Idaho, are all splendid resorts for the tourist, and offer attractions not found in the east. The Union Pacific gives unequaled service to all these points.

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Never in the history of cycle manufacture has the record won by the famous **SYRACUSE** Bicycle been equaled, and never in the history of this popular wheel has the demand for it been so great.

From Maine to California, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, **Crimson Rims** have made a name for themselves that can only be attained by constructing a wheel unsurpassed in quality of material, excellence of workmanship, and a superb finish.

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Represent the highest type of bicycle construction, and possess many extremely valuable exclusive improvements.

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N. B.—Have you seen the new self-healing tire? All "Olympic" agents have it.

The intellect is usually honest; it is the heart that lies.

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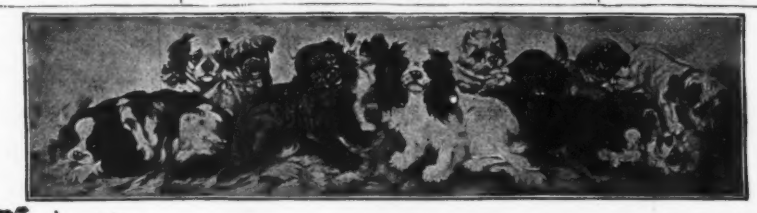
WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**



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An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of Von Fredenberg's oil painting "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies will be given with the Christmas Number of Demorest's Magazine (published Nov. 15th.)

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VERY MINOR POET—"A—a—yes. By the way, he *did* say something of that sort, I believe."

—*Punch.*

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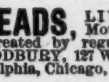

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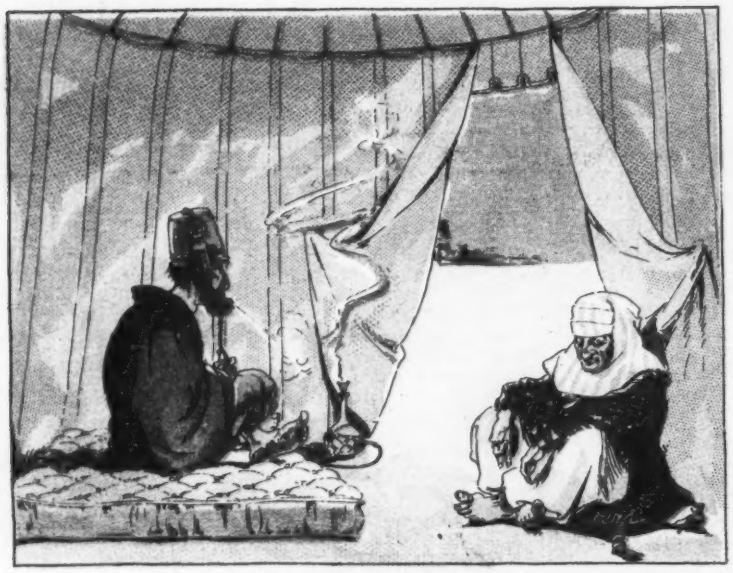
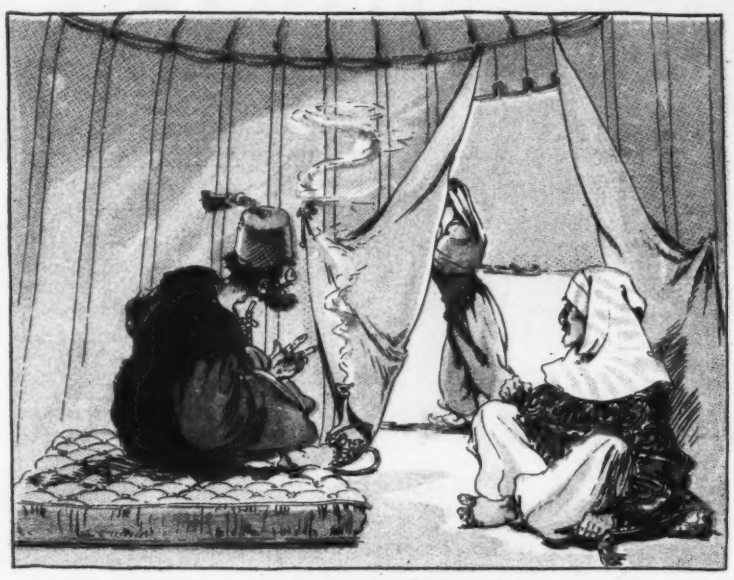
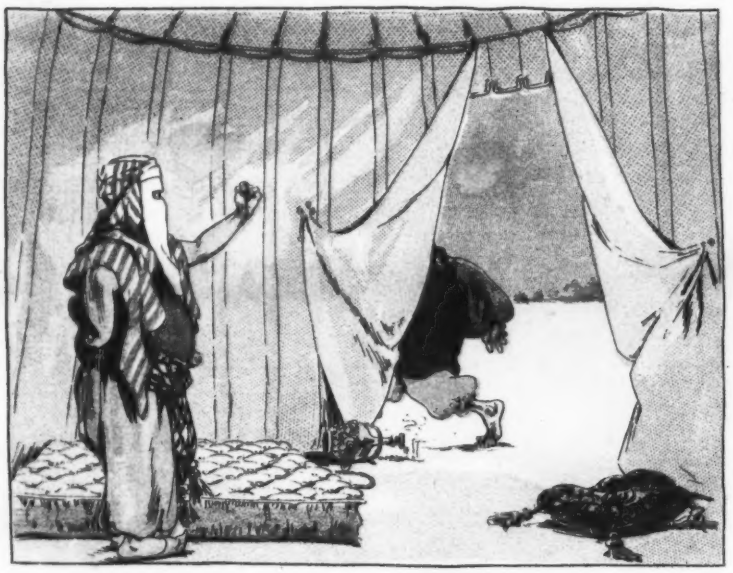


Al Hassan was a Turkish gent,
Who had but one wife in his tent.

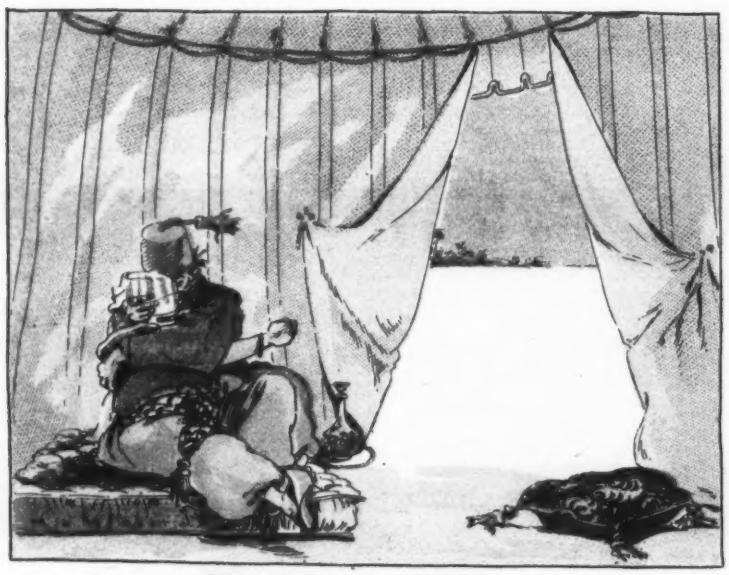


One day a maiden passed his door
And tempted him to take one more.

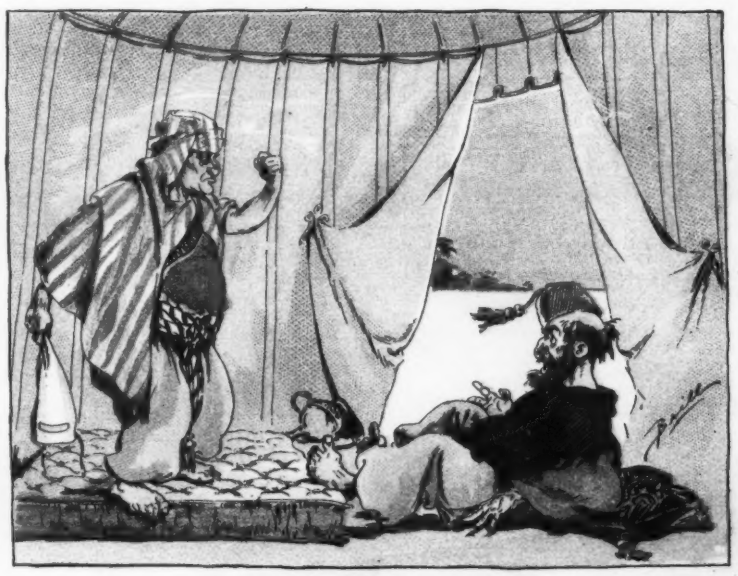


But Mrs. Hassan number one
Disguised herself to have some fun.

They met, and Al with oily tongue
A favorable answer from her wrung.



Then, placing her on his divan,
He swore that true love just began.



But from that time he never spent
A peaceful day within that tent.

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AL HASSAN'S ROMANCE.